

Poetry.

The Three Mountains.

When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When in Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in his Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

—LORD PURVIS.

Home Sickness.

Thou ask'st me why my heart is sad,
Why pensive thou I roam,
When all around are blithe and glad?
My spirit pines for home.

'Tis true the birds pour forth their songs,
'Tis true this earth is fair;
But, ah! my aching bosom longs
For that which is not there.

At morn the flowers pour forth perfume,
At eve they fade away;
But in my Father's mansion bloom
Flowers that can ne'er decay.

Those fairy blossoms will not grow,
Save in their place of birth;
They fade, they wither here below—
They were not made for earth.

Where is that mansion? Far above
The sun, the stars, the skies;
In realms of endless light and love,
My Father's mansion lies.

Then ask not why my heart is sad,
Why pensive thou I roam,
When all around are blithe and glad?
My spirit pines for home.

—LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.

Religious & Moral.

The Family that took a Religious Newspaper.

The aristocrats of our village looked with very gentle disdain upon Mr. Merton and his family, but the more unpretending and refined formed a true estimate of their merit. The father was a small farmer, a pious, industrious man, who worked busily through the week, and on the Sabbath never failed to occupy his accustomed place in the sanctuary, either in sunshine or in storm. He was still poor. The competence that seldom denies itself to the laborer of New England, did not cheer his declining days. The soil which he tilled was sterile, and yielded but indifferent harvests. Sickness had been in his dwelling, and a spendthrift brother had drawn heavily upon his resources. Yet these circumstances, unfortunate as they seem, had their peculiar advantages. They had wrought his frame to more sturdy strength, had deepened his humility, brightened his faith, and enlarged his charity. Nor had they debarred him from all intellectual culture. He possessed a thirst for knowledge which would not be denied the scanty indulgence within his reach. Books he could not afford, and he turned to the religious newspaper, with its world of information, far sought, varied and useful.

From the time when he was first allowed to appropriate to himself a part of his hard earned wages he had never been without one. He had read it to himself by the light of his employer's fire. He had read it to his Mary, in the pleasant days of their betrothal; to the little ones who had come one after another, to take their places at his hearth and board. He had many files worn with use, not carelessness, and they afforded to his family a vast amount of instructive reading. His wife was a neat, thrifty woman, with a degree of intelligence and refinement surprising in one so oppressed with care. They had five children, all of whom were punctual and attentive. The well-learned lesson fairly danced on their animated countenances, and many a question that the incipient belles and miniature fashionables heard in stupid silence, drew from them answers that evinced a small amount of patient study.

It was a stormy Saturday afternoon in the middle of December. Mrs. Merton was mending. Mary was finishing a dress which was to be sent home on Monday morning. Rebecca was knitting. Charlotte and little Ben were asserting rage. The rapid movements seemed to preclude conversation, except on the part of the youngest, who discussed in low but eager tones, the probability that their father would go for the newspaper in such a storm.

"O, I am afraid he won't," said little Ben, "only see!" and he half-shivered as the fierce blast swept by.

"Yes, I know it is very bad indeed, out," said the more thoughtful Charlotte, "but we had just such storms last winter, and he never once failed to go."

"I shall be sorry if he don't go," returned Ben, "for to-night we'll be making up the money for the next year's paper. Our pay is ready, ain't it, lot?"

"Yes, and George's and Mary's. I wish we could give as much as Mary's."

"Father is going!" exclaimed Rebecca, who had been casting a glance at the window every few minutes for the last hour.

"Father is going! look, he is buttoning his great coat now!"

A busy hour followed. Mrs. Merton gave the last scrub to her white floor, put some newly ironed curtains at the windows, polished the battered teapot, the six plated spoons, and the two brass candlesticks, in-

to which she put some unusually large candles. She washed the hearth, blacked the great iron "dogs," and garnished the mantle with spruce boughs gathered the day before. The cow was milked; the dress folded with its accompanying fragments ready for delivery, and the rags were deposited in bundles in the attic.

Mr. Merton's face brightened with pleasure as he closed the door against the driving sleet. The table was covered with a smooth cloth, and upon it were bowls of fresh milk, the poor man's luxury, and a warm brown loaf in a pewter dish. The children were washed. George had taken off his woolen frock, and the mother wore her Sunday cap and a clean white apron.

"Just one minute, dear father! only one!" exclaimed the dancing Rebecca, half-seizing, half-coaxing away the treasured paper. "O! here's biography for father, and missionary news for Mary, and a moral tale for George and me, and the 'Youth's Department' crowded full for the little ones. O how delightful and how kind, how very kind in father to go for it in the storm!"

The supper was despatched more quickly than usual, the dishes were placed in the closet, a fresh log was thrown on the glowing coals, and the large candles were lighted. Before the paper was opened, Mr. Merton offered a petition for a blessing upon the evening reading, and then followed the miscellaneous, well-selected matter of the large sheet.

Eyes sparkled and moistened, hearts leaped for joy, and were filled with sympathy, and for some time the knitting fell upon the lap, and glances answered glances around the hushed circle. How many mental pictures grew vivid, and fixed themselves in each mind forever. The child Luther carrying his small faggot from the wood where his father toiled—the young Luther singing in the streets of Eisenach—the monk Luther discovering the chained Bible in the convent library—the reformed Luther standing before Charles V., in the most brilliant assembly that could be gathered in all Europe.

In fancy, they watched the growth of schools in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, and saw the Indian wash away his war paint and kneeling in submission to the Great Father. They caught a glimpse of the gallant ship bearing the missionary to the East, and the dark, supple Oriental hailing the dawn of a better day. There was a truthful sketch of a reclaimed father sitting joyfully among his rejoicing children. There was stories of lambs and flowers, and notices of inventions, startling even to the scientific, and of discoveries it had taken centuries to make.

The evening, long as it was, proved too short for the entire perusal of the paper, and while the mother refolded it and laid it aside, little Ben placed a ninepence on the table, saying, "its contribution night father."

Charlotte deposited hers beside it. Rebecca gave a quarter, Mary and George gave a half dollar each, and Mr. Merton completed the required sum. "We can take the paper one year longer," he said, gazing fondly around the happy group.

Again the father knelt in prayer. He remembered the many classes of which he had read, the seamen of the wave, the prisoner in his dungeon, the pastor with his people, the missionary with his charge. He closed with thanks for the blessings of the vanished week, among which he did not fail to number "the religious newspaper."

The occupation of that Saturday evening formed an appropriate and useful close of the labor of the week. The Mertons retired with views enlarged, affections widened, minds refreshed and invigorated by congenial aliment. They had found topics for pleasant thought and cheerful conversation, and so guarded themselves from the listlessness and vacuity that ever give birth to envy and discontent. They had been forming a sweet resting place for memory in after years. They had been raising a triple wall against the unholy lusts that dazzle to betray. They had cast aside the petty cares by which they were usually occupied, and had so prepared themselves for the sacred hours of the coming Sabbath.

There are among us papers, styled religious, which substitute sophistry for argument and sound sense. Papers which excite the worst passions and bitterest feelings of our nature. Papers which abound in fierce denunciations and harsh invective, which vitiate the taste, darken the conscience, breathe a blight upon charity, poison the well being of thought and action. But the paper, which, being called religious, is true to its name and design, is a useful, wealth-imparting guest. It is the teacher of the young, the companion of the aged. It does not, like the ponderous tome, repel the laborer whose leisure moments are few and far between; it wearies not the child; it takes not too heavily the sluggish intellect of the silver-haired. It grows not old, for its life, drawn from the purest sources, is perpetually renewed. Its interest does not fail, for it speaks of the boundless, the infinite.

Speed on then, thou winged sheet, far over the West and the South. Awaken thou the sleeper, brighten thou the dark places, add fervor and piety, and warmth to prayer. Pause not! waver not! speed on! speed on!

—September.

Among the ancient Jews, there was a tradition that the world was created in the month of September. Hence, they made it the commencement of their civil year, while their sacred year began in March, in commemoration of their Exodus from Egypt. Josephus adheres to this tradition, while Philo dissents, and places the period of creation in the spring. Arch-

bishop Usher, in his chronology, follows the opinion of Josephus, and dates the creation on the first of September.

There are four natural divisions of the year, from all of which, by different nations, and in different ages, the commencement of the year has been computed. The shortest day of the year, or the winter solstice, occurs near the last of December; and this is the natural period with which our year has been made very nearly to correspond. There seems to be a fitness in selecting this season, as it is one of general leisure, the labors of the agricultural year having fully closed, and those of the ensuing one not having as yet commenced. Besides, from this period, the days beginning to lengthen, mark the reviving of nature. It is supposed that, in the remodeling of the calendar, the Roman Emperor designed that the year should commence with the new moon, which, on that year, was seven days later than the solstice.

The second period is the summer solstice, or the longest day in the year; and from this the Athenian year anciently commenced. The third period is the vernal equinox, or that day in the spring when the day is equal in length to the night. From this period the ancient Romans, Chaldeans and Persians arranged their calendar, as did many other nations. Indeed, in England, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the civil year was counted, not from January, but March.

The fourth period is the autumnal equinox, from which, as we have noticed, the Jews began their civil year; and in this year, however, began, not on the first of September, nor yet on the 20th, but at the new moon, which varies from the 5th of September to the 5th of October. Their first month, Tishri, this year, begins on the 16th, and thus corresponds to parts of September and October. This variation arises from the fact, that each month commences with a new moon. But twelve of these lunar months will make only 354 days. Hence, every second or third year a month is intercalated immediately after the month Adar, and hence is called Veadar, or the second Adar. The year thus lengthened, contains 384 or 385 days, and is called the embolismic year. Previous to the time of Moses, it is supposed that this arrangement was not used, and probably not for several succeeding ages.

In the alteration of the French calendar which was enacted after the revolution of 1792, their year commenced at the autumnal equinox, as this coincided with the foundation of the republic. Their months consequently differed, in commencement and termination, from those of the Roman calendar, and names were given from the agricultural employment, or the nature of the seasons. The month embracing the latter part of September and part of October, was called Vendemiaire, or the month of vintage, while that including the first part of September, being their last month of the year, was called Fructidor, or the month of fruits. This new arrangement of the French calendar was made by Romme, assisted by Lagrange, Fabre d'Eglantine, and others, and was established by law October 5th, 1793. So many difficulties, however, occurred in this new arrangement, that it was finally abandoned in 1806.

The word September is derived from the Latin septem, signifying seven, as in the old Roman year, which began with March, it was the seventh month. Originally, instead of July and August, those months were called Quintilis and Sextilis, signifying fifth and sixth; but in honor of Julius Caesar, the name of Quintilis was supplanted by that of Julius or July, and subsequently Sextilis gave way for August, in honor of Augustus Caesar, who in that month achieved several of his greatest triumphs. In like manner the friends of some of the later Emperors endeavored to inscribe their names upon the calendar. September, for a time, was called Germanicus; and Domitian substituted his name for October. But against these changes the world rebelled, considering that these emperors had no claim to such high distinction; and the ancient names of September and October were restored.

As to the Jewish tradition that the world was created in September, it is sufficient to remark that there is no evidence to support it. We may, in the absence of positive declaration, indulge in fancy; but if so, we should incline to the impression that the birth of nature—the era of flowers and of ripening fruits—was at an earlier period of the year. In Judea the harvest season commenced about the first of April, barley then being ripened in the fields; and it continued until about the first of June. Thus the harvest preceded the proper season of summer. This order is alluded to in those despairing words of Jeremiah viii. 20, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Though we know not the locality of the garden of Eden, yet we may suppose it to have been in a climate as southern as that of Judea; and if so, the most delightful season of the year would not be so late as the month of September.

This season of flowers and of music is passing rapidly away. Autumn is tinged with shades the bright hues of the summer drapery. With Thomson, we feel that "The pale, ascending year, yet pleasing still, A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf Incessant rustles from the mournful grove, Oft starting such as staidous walk below, And slowly circles through the waving air."

For the Christian Secretary.

Children's Corner.

See, Sister, said a laughing, bright-eyed boy, as he came into his mother's sitting room, from the garden, with his hands full of flowers, dripping with the morning dew, see, mother has already got her vase fill-

ed with buttercups, daisies, and violets; I wonder why she has such a love for them, for I am sure they are not half as handsome as the bright red, blue and yellow blossoms that I have here in my hand. I gathered a plenty for her too; it may be she will let me take those out, and put some of mine in the place of them.

And it may be, replied his sister, she will tell you why she likes them so well, I am quite sure she has a good reason.

The little boy after saying good morning to his mother, when she came in, asked her if she would please to tell sister, and herself, the reason why she liked those little flowers so well, and if she knew any story about them?

Yes, my dear children, said the mother, I know a story which may be said to be about them. And to commence in the form of a story;—one of the lads of whom I shall speak, I will call Thomas Campbell, and Edward Wilcox, the other. Thomas Campbell's mother had early taught him to cultivate, and to love the little flowers, as they sprung up around him, and she early taught him too, from whose hand we received these beautiful gifts, and how we were indebted to that God for every thing that we possessed, that made us happy, and it was her daily prayer, that the life of her boy, if he should live, might be harmless like the flower, in this wicked world; that his disposition might be sweet and gentle, and heart full of kindness towards all with whom he had to do. Edward's mother never loved the flowers, so rich in beauty, because they turned her thoughts to Him who made them, but looked upon them only as a show, to decorate her yard handsomely. She never was in the habit of speaking to her child of the goodness of God, for the love of Him was not in her own heart. It was on a fine June morning, a number of years ago, that these two boys met for the purpose of planning, and deciding how they should spend that day, it being with them a holiday. Thomas first proposed. Said he to Edward, come with me this forenoon, to the woods and hill-side a short distance from our city, and it may be we will gather there some buttercups, daisies and violets. Edward interrupted him with a merry laugh, repeating it after him, and added, how very gentle you are in the choice of flowers, you shall really have a gypsy hat tied with a blue ribbon, and a short frock, and I will see you seated on the rude bench in Clifton Grove, with a book in hand, ready to watch the colors in the passing cloud; or the bee sipping the honey from the flower, but I cannot love such things like you.

Thomas calmly replied, Edward you did not wait for me to fill out the plan! but will you go?

Oh no, said Edward, I should rather go to some mountain and seek for rattlesnakes, I intend to have more manly sport than that. Mother says, I am too old to be altogether a boy. Father is going to take me into the Bowling Alley, and learn me how to play. Mother says, a game of cards now and then, would do me no harm. Poor boy! little did his parents think, when he was so happy, and merry, the end choice they were making in his amusements. That day perhaps was the commencement of his ruin. Thomas passed on to the woods, and he found there, others whom like himself, had come to enjoy the cooling shade. Some of the boys had brought their balls, some their marbles, and some their kites, and as there was an open space where they could play at any thing they chose. They had many nice games of play, and the hours passed very rapidly and pleasantly away; and it was with a light and happy heart that Thomas returned to his mother. But Edward, quarreled with the company that he got into, and he was not even happy through the whole day, for he had not then learned to sin without his making him very sorrowful; and when it came night, and he laid his head upon the pillow, he wished that he had not had a holiday, or else that he had gone with Thomas to the woods; for he thought in his own mind how much happier he probably should have been. The prayer of Thomas' mother, I think has been answered; for he goes about now, doing good, visiting the sick, the poor, and afflicted, from house to house; sowing flowers as it were in their pathway, by his gentleness, and his kind words, looks, and actions; for his mother's and his sake, I love these little flowers.

I know now, exclaimed the children, who it is, it is Mr. — the minister! but what of Edward?

His life has been one of sin, and sorrow. The cup of the drunkard he has taken, the path of the gambler he has chosen, and I know not what his end may be.

Avoid bad company, my children; love the flowers, but love their Giver more.

—C. A. A.

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Reply to the Pope.

A most remarkable document was Rome just before the French took possession, and was circulated by thousands of citizens, entitled, "A Reply to the address in the Consistory of Gaeta, April 18." It was published by the Circolo Popolare (Club) of Rome. Extracts from this address have already appeared in the Christian Secretary, but we think we cannot gratify our readers better than by making selections. It will be borne in mind, that this is the work of Italians; that it was printed in Rome; hitherto the fountain of corruption and ignorance. The purely apostolic; and the whole Reply, that the Circolo Popolare, is a band of fanatics, notwithstanding the fact, that it is stigmatized by the Pope and his cardinals, raging beasts, and political despots. The seeds of a genuine reformation broadcast all over Italy, and it is not hope that they will yet spring up and yield a hundred fold.—En. Sec.

"Avidity of power, the foolishness of a small and puerile mind, with the sentiments of humanity. A now most apparent in you? Is love of rule and unmeasured despotism? Your natural and character are now plain to world. We can afford to smile at words such as, the right eighty inherent in the apostolic in the holy Roman Church. knows that the Apostles had no ty, and no one who calls himself sor of the Apostles can have any that a chair should have such a ty is a most strange thing, and of the fable where Jove gives king of the frogs. This language be borne."

"Let us see if any such right eighty belongs to the Church. it, in the words of the Testam Divine founder. If He has said it in writing, that He, the true Church, would have no kingdom world, it comes of consequence imitator or follower of his can such right in his name. Christ worship, warned his disciples to themselves any title of domin the people, as this was the pre the kings of the gentiles, who, exercise authority over them, benefactors: 'But ye,' he said, be so' (Luke xii. 25, 26.) be king in order to receive tri your people, and the more they the more you called them your children. Have you ever read the pel of St. Matthew, the dialogue Jesus Christ and St. Peter? You it at chapter xvii. 25. They words: 'When he was come into Jesus prevented him, saying, w thou, Simon, of whom do the k earth take custom or tribute? of children, or of strangers? Peter him, Of strangers. Jesus smit Then are the children free.' T that children and subjects are How, then, dare you, calling yo vicar of Christ, overthrow the make us both subjects and sons? you pretend to do by the po Church. You have changed Church to make it stand for am cupidity. While the Church Christian, she had no other than those of religion,—faith an of the Lord. Since she beca (papists) she no more heeded ty treasures, but turned her mind ly lusts, and became the slave and of power. If we were a distinguish between Church and we should be led to believe the herself had fallen from her own since in the Church we see no traditions that we cannot tell is the Church of Christ or his And, amongst other things, we know what is the true meaning of Church, which you and your priest to us at every moment. O priest, we remember, used to the Catechism, that Church n assembly or congregation of belie since we are the believers, who ourselves, so we thought that properly speaking, the Roman which is holy if we are holy, and if we have the doctrine and apostles. What the priests are, so taught,—viz., elders and mini Church, having a chief who is bishop,—that is, a president of